UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

The Crisis in India

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The World's Most Hopeful Movement

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Orioles at Arcady

By H. S. N.

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UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIII THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1924 NUMBER 20

"If all the voices of men called out warning you, and you could not join your voice with their voices;
If all the faces of men were turned one way, and you met them face to face, you going another;
You still must not be persuaded to capitulation. You will remember that the road runs east as well as west."
—Horace Traubel.

The tenth anniversary of the Great War has come, and newspapers and magazines are surveying the decade, and telling how differently things look now from what they did in that fateful August of 1914. We feel that UNITY is under no necessity of going through this performance of review and revision. What we think today, we thought ten years ago; what we see about us today, we foresaw and prophesied ten years ago. We have nothing to explain, nothing to retract. Read the files of UNITY from 1914 on, and there you will find stated week after week, month after month, what other journals are now presenting on this anniversary occasion as new discoveries—namely, that the war from the beginning, and on both sides, was a vile and dishonest thing; that it was not caused by Germany, but in greater or less degree by all the great nations involved; that it was fought, when necessary, with utter disregard of all treaty obligations and humanitarian principles, by all the combatants; that its purposes were not the saving of civilization, not the making of the world safe for democracy, not the ending of war itself, but the lust of conquest, and the control of the economic markets of the world; that the entrance of the United States was a mistake, having no relation to idealistic purposes, but dictated by our own fears, and especially by our desire to protect our investments in the Allied cause; that the end of the war, in the Versailles Conference, was an orgy of vengeance, lust, hatred, and incredible cruelty; that the war accomplished nothing but death, destruction and disillusionment; that war in itself is futile, disgusting, evil —a crime never to be tolerated, a sin never to be indulged in, under any circumstances. All this we thought from the beginning; and all this we said not ten years after, when the damage has been done, but at the time, when it was worth saying, when mankind was crying out for succor. Still, it is "better late than never"; and we are therefore glad that these confessions are now being made, and these facts woven at last into the texture of history.

In saying the above, we desire to add, lest we be accused of thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, that we see nothing to boast about in our having foreseen and foretold the real character of the Great War—its dishonesty, its villainy, its essential futility. We should as soon think of feeling proud of foreseeing and foretelling that milk will sour in the heat, or that water will freeze at 32 degrees fahrenheit. There are some things that we know, or ought to know, and among these are the conclusions of pacifism. For there is a logic about pacifism that is absolute. The moral law as laid down by the great pacifists—Jesus, Francis, Erasmus, Fox, Garrison, Tolstoy, Rolland, Gandhi—and as demonstrated by these men in the laboratories of their careers, is as certain as the natural law laid down and demonstrated by the great scientists—Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Darwin, Faraday, Kelvin, Steinmetz. In the one case as in the other, in other words, there is a divine necessity which cannot be escaped. When we were told, for example, that the Germans were "Huns" thirsting for the blood of their neighbors, we refused to believe, for we knew that people are much the same the world around, acting on an occasion of this kind from mingled motives of fear and love of country. When we were told that the Allies were seeking nothing in the conflict but the safeguarding of democracy and civilization, we again refused to believe, for we knew that governments, in their international relations at least, are not interested in these things, and are very much interested in other things. When we were told that the war was cleansing the hearts of men, and would lead to a great spiritual revival, we denied, for we knew that figs are not grown from thistles. When we were told that this war would end war, we hoped and prayed but still disbelieved, for we knew that war had been from the beginning of history, but that it had never yet brought an ending to itself. And how could it, for hate breeds hate, and violence violence; love alone "never faileth"! So there is no boasting nor vainglory in what we are now saying. Least of all since it was Jenkin Lloyd Jones who conducted this paper through the War!

President Coolidge is a simple soul. He is amazed that anybody should be disturbed by the marshaling of the nation's military forces in battle array on September 12th next. He cannot see anything in the program of the occasion but a sincere endeavor to serve the interests of world peace and brotherhood. He is even

disturbed that the day appointed for this "non-militaristic gesture" should be called "Mobilization Day," and himself prefers to style it "Defense Day." It seems a pity to argue with so naive a soul as this. But he has invited the discussion—and we take him at his word. "Defense Day!" Well and good. "Defense" against whom, against what? You can't defend yourself unless you have an enemy. There is no necessity of mobilizing—we beg pardon, *"inspecting"*—your defense equipment unless there is some attack likely to fall upon you at any moment. Who is this enemy—what is this impending attack? Run over the nations of the world, and which is the one that is threatening us? Where is the one that can reach us to assail us? We used to blame the nations of Europe for their great armies, and their specimen mobilizations, and their conscription laws, and all the rest. But these nations *had* enemies! Germany feared Russia, with her enormous military forces just over the border; France feared Germany for the same reason, and in the same way; and so on 'round the whole circle of pre-war Europe. But this country does not, and never did, face any such situation. When the President talks about "Defense," he is not simple, after all—he is just plain silly! Never in all history has there been a nation so immune from attack as the United States. We haven't an enemy in the world, unless we deliberately make one. And the September 12th program is an excellent means to this end. "Goose-Step Day" is a shame to America and an insult to mankind. No truly patriotic citizen will have anything to do with it.

When Clarence S. Darrow, attorney in the Leopold-Loeb murder case, declared that the crime committed by his clients was "weird, uncanny and terrible" in its nature, he spoke with moderation. Not less remarkable than the crime itself, however, is the action of the families and lawyers of the two offenders in entering a plea of "guilty" and throwing the whole case on the judgment and mercy of the court. We search our memory in vain for any statement in any murder case to match that made by Mr. Darrow in his plea, when he refused to offer the usual motions against the indictments, refused to take advantage of any technicalities, asserted that the interests of the victim's family and of the public were quite as important as the interests of the defendants, and ended with the statement that no one in the case was seeking the release of the murderers. "We believe they should be permanently isolated from society, and if we, as lawyers thought differently, their families would not permit us to do otherwise." Here is something to stir the heart, and to renew one's confidence in the law and in human nature. Of course the cynical may and probably will argue that the position of Leopold and Loeb was hopeless, and that this unexpected move was only a dramatic and desperate attempt to save the guilty pair from the death penalty. We do not believe any such thing for a single moment! No case of this kind in an American court is hopeless. Had the Leopold and Loeb families chosen to follow the procedure of the Thaw family in the Stanford White case, they could have done so, with excellent chances of attaining miserably selfish ends at the expense of justice and every high public interest. They have the money—money can buy lawyers and alienists—and the ramifications of the law are infinite. No! what has been done in this case has been done voluntarily, with a noble sense of decency and honor, with a deliberate sacrifice of the natural affections which is as piteous as it is sublime. Incidentally, and specifically, we like to recall, in this period of racial prejudice and slander, that the people who have done this exalted thing are Jews!

Official reports show that, in the past two years and a half, 10,000 drug addicts have been arrested in New York City alone. To these many other thousands must be added from other cities and towns throughout the country. Obviously, the laws prohibiting the sale and distribution of drugs are not enforced, cannot be enforced. The people *will* have drugs; the prohibitory laws only increase their insistence, and thus themselves create lawlessness and general disorder. Therefore, these laws should be repealed. The only way to handle the drug evil is to leave it alone, and thus preserve the people's liberty. Again, at the recent annual meeting of the American Bar Association, alarming statistics were given as to the prevalence of crime in this country. The number of criminals per 100,000 of the population is increasing. Most alarming of all is the prevalence of murder. In New York City, in 1921, there were 260 murders, as compared with 63 murders in England and Wales with seven times the population. In 1923, approximately 10,000 murders were committed in the United States, which is fifty (50) times as many as occurred in all England and Wales. Such facts as these, it seems to us, make out a perfect case against the laws covering murder in America. These laws are plainly non-enforceable. Americans are determined to have their murders, just as they are determined to have their beer, whisky, and champagne. And who would deny to them this privilege? Who has any right to encroach upon their freedom to kill, or to drink? The thing to do in this case is obviously to repeal all our laws against murder. Then the evil will right itself, and America become a law-abiding as well as a free country once again. Yes, our anti-Prohibition friends have the correct idea. If a law is not enforced, repeal it!

The *Hibbert Journal* in April last published an interesting story of news censorship during the War, in an article by Mrs. A. C. Osler appropriately entitled "The Terror of Ideas." It seems that in 1917 the Nobel

Committee, in accordance with its usual custom, sent to the National Peace Council in England, in common with other bodies, a request for information as to any work which should receive consideration for the Nobel Peace Prize. Postal matters being rather difficult at that time, the Council took up the question with the authorities, and received in due course the following letter from the Chief Postal Censor:

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 3d March, on the subject of certain publications destined for the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament, I am directed to inform you that it is considered undesirable that the following should be included in the consignment: (1) Any publications of the National Labor Press; (2) any publications of the U. D. C.; (3) any publications containing the writings of any of the following authors: Messrs. Bertrand Russell, Arthur Ponsonby, E. D. Morel, C. W. Trevelyan, Norman Angell, Philip Snowden, C. R. Buxton, and G. Lowes Dickinson; (4) the following publications specified in the list you have forwarded: *Common Sense*, the *Herald*, the *Tribunal*, "War and Peace," "What We Are Fighting For," "Peace This Winter," the *Socialist Review*, "Towards Ultimate Harmony."

I am accordingly to request that you will forward to this Department a written guarantee that none of the foregoing will be exported under any permit which may be issued to you. . . .

The value of the Nobel Peace Prize competition under these conditions may perhaps be better imagined than stated. The *Tribunal*, in comment on this episode, says rightly that what the British government was intimating through its Censor was that "there are certain points of view regarding the war—its origin and its effects—which the British government do not want to be publicly expressed abroad, and they intend to prevent any prominent pacifist from winning the Peace Prize, as that would advertise the pacifist movement." In other words, governments are not interested in peace, do not want peace, will not work for peace or help those so working. This is a thing never to be forgotten in our handling of this whole problem.

The Presbyterian church reports the smallest accession in church membership in many years, and declares the situation to be "alarming." It attributes the "slump" not to the generally prevalent causes of public indifference to sectarian religion, but to the very special cause of the squabbles and fights which have been going on in the church in recent months. With this diagnosis we most emphatically agree! It is foolish, we think, to ignore the general situation of declining church membership and attendance everywhere, but in this case the theological battles have worked the mischief beyond any question. When will men learn this fact, we wonder? Of course, it is easy to be deceived. The fighting makes a grand sensation, and is good for front-page stuff in the newspapers and for crowded pews in the churches. But after a while it all blows away like a puff of powder. The fight for a time is great fun. But sooner or later, usually sooner than later, comes revulsion. For at bottom men feel the essential unseemliness of what is going on. They know that these theological disputations have nothing really to do with religion. They understand, even if many of the clergy do not, apparently, that God is here being betrayed. So while they come, for a while at least, to the ring-side, to see what is going on and to feel the excitement of it all, they will not stay, and certainly will not become associated with such a discordant household of faith. They turn away, their finer and truer instincts overcoming that lust of battle which is unfortunately in us all. It all comes down to the pathetically familiar fact that there is more religion outside the churches than inside, and that the heart of man is a surer path to life than all the rituals and creeds.

The Crisis in India

It is evident that a crisis is at hand in the Swaraj movement in India. During Gandhi's imprisonment there was a breaking away in some directions from the strict discipline of Non-co-operation. More serious than this, there was a definite attempt, led by Mr. Das, to turn the movement for national independence altogether apart from the lines laid down by the Mahatma in the famous matter of the boycotts. Mr. Das especially opposed the political boycott, and undertook to secure the election of Swaraj advocates to the local councils, where they might fight the government directly from within instead of indirectly from without.

This program of Mr. Das and his followers obviously involves an abandonment of the Gandhi program. It means the adoption of western political methods, as exemplified by the Irish during so many years in the Parnell and Redmond days, for example, in place of the distinctively and characteristically eastern methods of complete Non-co-operation. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mahatma Gandhi is signalizing his return to freedom and health by undertaking at once to oppose the further progress of the Das party, and thus to hold his movement fast to his own ideals. Thus, in *Young India*, Gandhi announces his intention "to move at the forthcoming meeting of the All-India Congress Committee the following four resolutions":

1. In view of the fact that the members of Congress organizations throughout the country have themselves hitherto neglected handspinning, in spite of the fact that the spinning wheel and its product, handspun Khaddar, have been regarded as indispensable for the establishment of Swaraj and although their acceptance has been regarded by the Congress as a necessary preliminary to civil disobedience, the A. I. C. C. resolves that all the members of the various representative Congress organizations shall, except when disabled by sickness or prevented by continuous travelling, regularly spin for at least half an hour every day and shall send to the secretary of the All-India Khadi Board at least ten tolas each of even and well-twisted yarn of a count not below ten, so as to reach him not later than the 15th day of each month, the first consignment to reach the secretary not later than the 15th day of August, 1924, and thereafter in regular monthly succession. Any member failing to send the prescribed quantity by the prescribed date shall be deemed to have vacated his office and

such vacancy shall be filled in the usual manner; provided that the member vacating in the manner aforesaid shall not be eligible for re-election before the next general election for the members of the several organizations.

2. Inasmuch as complaints have been received that provincial secretaries and other members of Congress organizations do not carry out the instructions issued to them from time to time by officers duly authorized thereto, the A. I. C. C. hereby resolves that those in charge of matters referred to them failing to comply with the instructions of officers thereto appointed shall be deemed to have vacated their offices and a vacancy shall be filled in the usual manner, provided that the member thus vacating shall not be eligible for re-election till the next general election.

3. In the opinion of the A. I. C. C. it is desirable that the Congress electors elect to various offices in the Congress organizations, only those who in their persons carry out to the full the Congress creed and the various non-co-operation resolutions of the Congress including the five boycotts, namely, of all mill-spun cloth, Government law courts, schools, titles and legislative bodies; and the A. I. C. C. hereby resolves that the members who do not believe in and do not in their own persons carry out the said boycotts shall vacate their seats and that there should be fresh elections in respect of such seats; provided that if the members vacating so choose they may offer themselves for re-election.

4. The A. I. C. C. regrets the murder of the late Mr. Day by the late Gopinath Saha and offers its condolences to the deceased's family; and though deeply sensible of the love, however misguided, of the country prompting the murder, the A. I. C. C. strongly condemns this and all such political murders and is emphatically of opinion that all such acts are inconsistent with the Congress creed and its resolution of non-violent non-co-operation; and is of opinion that such acts retard the progress towards Swaraj, and interfere with the preparations for civil disobedience which in the opinion of the A. I. C. C. is capable of evoking the purest sacrifice but which can only be offered in a perfectly peaceful atmosphere.

It is to be noted that Gandhi here lays down again, as the foundation of his crusade, the handspinning of native cloth. Of this (Khaddar) he says, in a letter to the members of the All-India Congress Committee, defending his resolutions:

I believe in the spinning-wheel. . . . It is calculated to bring about the only boycott we need for independent national existence, viz., that of foreign cloth. It alone can kill the demoralizing British self-interest. . . . In its benign aspect it gives new life and hope to the villager. It can fill millions of hungry mouths. . . . It is the very best popular education that is needed for the millions. It is life-giving. I would not therefore hesitate to turn the Congress into an exclusively Khaddar-producing and Khaddar-propaganda organization till the attainment of Swaraj, just as I would not hesitate, if I believed in the use of arms and giving violent battle to England, to make the Congress an organization exclusively devoted to training the nation in the use of arms. To be truly national, the Congress must devote itself exclusively to that which will bring the nation most quickly within reach of Swaraj. Because I believe in the potency of Khaddar to give Swaraj, I have given it the foremost place in our program.

But the boycott of foreign cloth by the handspinning of native cloth is not the only boycott! To this Gandhi adds the boycott of "Government law courts, schools, titles, and legislative bodies." And, in the murder of Mr. Day, the Mahatma finds opportunity to reiterate his stern and sublime convictions on non-resistance. There must be no violence of any kind, no matter what the provocation, for this is "inconsistent with the Congress creed and its resolution of non-violent non-co-operation, . . . and (only) retards the progress toward Swaraj." Here is the uncompromising idealist once again to the fore! Gandhi is reaffirming the drastic program of Non-co-operation with which he has stirred India, and shaken the British Empire.

It is obvious that this action of Gandhi precipitates a crisis. He is seeking a purging of the movement of all those who are not ready or willing to "hew to the line." The issue, as he sees and states it, is perfectly clear:

The logical outcome of the Government policy is to Europeanize India, and, immediately we have become Europeanized, our English masters will gladly hand over the reins of Government to us. We would be welcomed as their willing agents. I can have no interest in that deadly process save to put the whole of my humble weight against it. My Swaraj is to keep intact the genius of our civilization. I want to write many new things, but they must be all written on the Indian slate. . . . The five boycotts are vital for the Congress. They are vital for Swaraj for the masses. Such a big question cannot be decided merely by a show of hands. It cannot be decided even by argument. It must be decided by each one of us by ringing for the still small voice within. Each one of us must retire to his closet and ask God to give him guidance.

The next meeting of the All-India Congress will be of momentous significance. We shall watch it carefully.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The World's Most Hopeful Movement

The Co-operative Movement is eighty years old. In these four score of years it has become the most hopeful fact in a sorely stricken world. When in 1844 "The Pioneers" opened their little store in Toad Lane, Rochdale, England, they marked a new era in the history of civilization. As is the case with all really great movements it was unnoticed by the powerful or if noticed was scoffed at. The group that opened this store numbered only twenty-eight. They had four articles of merchandise. But they had that faith that removes mountains and dreams that shatter ancient orders. They believed that they had found the fulcrum on which they could move the world and they set about to do it.

They believed that in their own day they would see the triumph of the co-operative movement. They did not rightly estimate the inertia of mankind. But the principle they advocated did work with them and time has proved that it will work with all sorts and conditions of men. They believed that they had discovered a system that would be of universal application and experience has shown that they were right.

These adventurers did not live to see the realization of their dream. The world is not yet under the co-operative banner. That goal is still in the distant future. And yet these men did live to see the little shop grow to be a great commercial institution. The lever did move on the fulcrum and the world has gone a long way on the journey to the co-operative ideal.

The Co-operative was the one great international movement which stood the shock of the great war. From the small beginnings in Toad Lane it has spread

through Europe, into Asia and to the islands of the sea. It is with slow but sure progress making its way in America. Its great stores, factories, warehouses, coal mines and ships are a visible testimony not only to economic soundness of the co-operative doctrine but also to the spirit of brotherhood which has made this possible.

The remedy for economic ills is not political but economic. The Co-operative Movement with its simple formula, buy at wholesale, sell at retail and capitalize the savings, affords the opportunity for amassing capital for social uses.

Private industry is run for profit. Co-operative industry is run for service. In both capital is needed.

In the co-operative movement capital is always the servant and never the master of men. The method is so simple that those who know of the movement wonder why it does not sweep the earth. It does not because it requires energy, self sacrifice, patience and consecration in a high degree to establish and carry on a co-operative store.

The political path seems easier and shorter. Getting a law passed and forcing the people to come into the Kingdom of Heaven has something exhilarating about it. So men have sought in parliaments and legislatures all sorts of legislative panaceas. It is easier to complain than it is to act. It is easier to write a law than it is to work with others. The political orator knows this. He is forever asking men to chop wood with a hammer. This is what trying to cure economic ills with political tools amounts to.

There are many reasons for the slow growth of co-operation in America but the foremost among them is this chasing of political will-o'-the-wisps. Millions of money and tons of human energy have been put into one political effort after another. Failure on failure does not seem to deter us from one more trial. And all the while opportunity in the name of co-operation knocks at our door.

The people support chain stores. They are marvelously successful because the plain people make them so. Great department stores amass enormous capital for a few because the people support them. All business rests ultimately upon the consumer. When the consumers organize for the service of themselves they have solved the problem of the democratization of industry.

The Rochdale Co-operative Movement, for all true co-operation should so be called, is "of the people, for the people and by the people." It is the realization of the spirit of democracy in industry. It may not be perfect. Nothing human is perfect. But it places the responsibility in production on the consumer where it belongs. It affords him the opportunity of mastering the economic world.

During the coming months the public will be surfeited with promises of politicians. The great political battle will absorb our minds. We will know that most of the political haranguing is bunk. But nevertheless it will give us a thrill. It will be one great circus. It is because we really like the circus that we support it. Beneath all this tumult and turmoil the work for the co-operative ideal will continue.

Although it is not generally recognized in America the Co-operative Movement is the most significant social and economic fact in the world today. Its business is measured in billions and its members in millions. Co-operative enterprises it is true often fail. Foolish men seeing these failures announce the end of co-operation. But the great movement goes on. Co-operators are never beaten. They learn from their mistakes. For eighty years there has been a constant advance. Co-operation is no longer just a dream. There is back of it a solid fact of accomplishment. It offers to all men and women of every group the opportunity of taking part in the establishment in economic terms of the ideal of brotherhood.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

In the interests of economy, to say nothing of honesty, the Republicans and Democrats should have united on a single ticket—say, Coolidge and Davis, or Davis and Coolidge, according as the lot may have fallen. As it is, there is but a single issue in this campaign—that between Coolidge-Davis on the one side and La Follette on the other. The latter will roll up an enormous vote, because all Progressives—Democrats, Republicans, Socialists, and independents—must support him.

How many candidates are running for the Presidency? We know of six. Who can name these candidates? We can name four. Who are the others?

Mexico claims to have in its possession an original diary of Christopher Columbus, cast into the sea during a storm on his first voyage, and picked up three hundred years later. This seems hard to believe, and yet, to our way of thinking, it is several hundred degrees more probable than the assertion of Mrs. Lund, a defender of Secretary Fall, that the recent investigations in Washington are connected with "the carefully laid plans of the Pan-German group operating in this country."

We wonder what Nicholas Murray Butler is thinking these days about his "wet" propaganda. The Republican and Democratic Parties both refused to rec-

ommend the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment or even any change in the Volstead Act, and both urged complete enforcement of the law. The Third Party evidently regarded the matter as settled, for it did not mention the subject of Prohibition at all in its platform. And now comes the American Hotel Association declaring that hotel proprietors of the United States are three to one opposed either to the repeal or modification of the existing law. Poor Butler! Poor "wets" generally!

We find that there are limits to our sympathy. Thus, we shed not a tear when we read the dreadful story of the fierce pirate craft which is raiding and robbing ruthlessly the liquor fleet off New York harbor. On the contrary, we found ourself for the first time believing in piracy.

With the defeat of Smuts in South Africa and the pardoning of Caillaux in France, the whirligig of fortune in the war is now complete. All the war champions and peacemakers are down and out; all the "traitors" are up and in. Time has a way of avenging itself, after all.

J. H. H.

"Grave Consequences"

Six Articles on the American-Japanese Situation

3.

YIELDING

I know whereof I speak when I assert that Japan has cherished a feeling of genuine friendship toward this country. It has been general. It was felt by the entire nation from the highest to the lowest. It has been tested a thousand times. The most insulting things have been said in American newspapers and in our halls of congress through a period of years.

Japan has been subjected to suspicion, criticism and misrepresentation to a degree that would have destroyed most friendships. Yet hers has lasted through seventy years, and, so far as the Japanese are concerned, it would last continuously. But there are limits which even such friendship has. It is this feeling of friendship which has led Japan repeatedly to yield to us in matters that were important to her and of very secondary interest to ourselves.

She has assumed that we would understand her yielding to be due to friendship; that we would know that she gave way to show her desire to retain our friendship. Of course, she has been mistaken. It is perhaps impossible for the American people to realize the real basis of Japan's bowing to our wishes.

Japan has yielded repeatedly during the years. The "gentlemen's agreement," abrogated a few days ago, was an example. California and other western states objected to the immigration of Japanese in unrestricted numbers. Japan, anxious to meet our wishes, but desiring to spare herself the humiliation of a public policy of genuine exclusion, proposed the "gentlemen's agreement." At that time we had a president who was vigorous, but a believer in fair play. His secretary of state was as able as any man who has ever held that office. They worked out the gentlemen's agreement. It met the end we sought. It put an end to unrestricted immigration. It reduced and controlled immigration to a degree that even California should have been satisfied.

Japan yielded again in the matter of "the picture brides." No more ridiculous outcry ever was voiced than that against the picture brides. There was no immorality, trickery or subterfuge in the whole thing. It was certainly better for the Japanese and for ourselves that the vigorous, industrious young men from Japan who were working in our fields, producing wealth for our nation, should have their own wives, rather than they should marry American women or encourage immorality. Yet one would think the picture bride business a crime. The demand that it should be ended was ridiculous, but Japan yielded to our desire.

There was a time when great excitement in Washington existed over the matter of Yap. A few weeks before it is probable that not 5 per cent of the American congress had ever heard of Yap, or knew what or where it was. The fact, however, that Japan had been given Yap by her allies in the war agitated us profoundly, and there was even talk of war over that obscure point in the Pacific. However, the Japanese met us in a gentlemanly fashion, and the whole difficulty was satisfactorily adjusted through the ordinary channels of diplomacy. The most conspicuous example of Japanese yielding to our wishes was in connection with the Washington conference.

The Washington conference, after all is said and done, was aimed directly at Japan. She knew it perfectly well, but participated in it willingly. There were certain matters which did not at all fall within the scope of the conference as outlined. Japan was under no obligation whatever to submit them to investigation, discussion or modification. This is recognized in definite terms, even in the official report of the conference. Yet at our suggestion, and on our stating that we would like to have her do so, she submitted these matters, which were vital to her, but which were none of our concern, to hostile investigation, discussion and decision. She did more in doing this than any white nation in the world, no matter how weak and defenseless, would have done.

The basis of all this yielding was not fear, though most Americans have so assumed. It was friendliness. It was belief that we would understand that Japan sacrificed her own advantages in order to show her desire to remain on friendly terms with us. It was of course a mistake in reading our psychology. Every time Japan yields we assume that she admits error and guilt. Instead of seeing the friendly and magnanimous basis of her action, we exclaim with joy that we have driven her from her position, that we have unveiled her rascality and that we must see where we shall hit her next.

My own feeling for years has been that Japan has made a serious mistake in yielding too frequently and

too easily to our demands. Her yielding leads to fresh aggression.

A few words about the earthquake. I was in Tokyo on Sept. 1, 1923. I passed through that earthquake, the most terrible in its destruction of any on record. I went through the subsequent fire and fled to an open park for refuge. I was in the ruined city for two weeks after the disaster. I had exceptional opportunity for seeing how the Japanese and foreigners acted and thought during that time. Almost immediately I recognized two curious facts of after-earthquake psychology. I stated these facts at the time and I have seen them emphasized repeatedly.

American aid was prompt and generous. It was highly appreciated. The Japanese were deeply touched by the quick response to their need. I said, however, that the aid is likely to prove harmful rather than helpful. What did I mean by such a strange assertion? We recognize our generosity; we rather plume ourselves upon our prompt response in the moment of need of a people against whom we had nourished some suspicion. I felt certain that we would assume that our kindness necessarily shut their mouths for all time in the future. I foresaw that any suggestion of right, any assertion of claims, any complaint of our action afterward would be stamped by us as rank ingratitude.

I have seen this verified a hundred times. It has been impossible since the earthquake for Japan to express anything of her political attitude without our feeling that she shows base ingratitude. Almost immediately after my return to this country there was a public expression by some chapter of the American Legion in this direction. They said after we so liberally helped her in her need we did suppose that we would hear no further talk about the "gentlemen's agreement" and contracts for working land. What an example of ingratitude that after all we did she should continue to urge her pretentions!

The other fact which I foresaw was the belief which would express itself in action that Japan was hopelessly weakened by the disaster. The first thought, and I heard it expressed by many Americans, was one of relief—"now there will be no war; she will be in no position to think of war." I knew the second thought would come. It has come and has found expression and shows itself in public policy. If there will be no war because of Japan's condition, she is helpless to resist oppression. This feeling, showing itself repeatedly, materialized in the Senate's action. Would the United States have acted so precipitately in August?

If it would not, its action looks like fear. Anyone who seriously examines the attitude of the United States and specifically of California and the western coast, to Japanese questions, must feel that we seem to suffer from an "inferiority complex." Do not misunderstand me. I do not say that we are inferior to the Japanese. I do say that in the parlance of the day, we seem to have an "inferiority complex." Are we really unable to uphold our own affairs? Are we unable in our own land, by fair means, to maintain ourselves? Are we unable in dealing with foreign affairs to practice diplomacy by methods that will meet the approbation of civilized nations? I can not believe it.

Mr. Root was an able man. It was he who framed the gentlemen's agreement. It was an agreement which has operated well and achieved its purpose through sixteen years. Yet the Senate in a moment of neurosis throws it overboard. The Lansing-Ishii agreement was negotiated in the period of Wilson's presidency. I was in Japan when it was arranged, and I stated at the time that the American people, who were enthusiastic over it, did not realize its significance. It, however, stated a simple fact and no one doubts that Lansing had ability. Last week perhaps, President Coolidge appointed him to an important position on the Mexican claims commission.

Mr. Hughes, for whom as secretary of state I have no great admiration, is still a man of marked ability; he has certainly given more attention to the Japanese matter than any senator, and knew the points involved better than Congress. It is unfortunate that in our dealings with foreign affairs the serious and thoughtful work of the best men we can find for diplomatic office may be totally destroyed without consideration by a thoughtless Senate. Root, Lansing, Hughes—all have been slapped in the face without even consideration. Such a situation should be impossible.

—*Frederick Starr.*

(*To be continued.*)

My Jail Experiences

VI.

When the incidents related in the last chapter took place, my cell was situated in a triangular block containing eleven cells. They were also part of the separate division but the block was separated from the other separate blocks by a high massive wall. The base of the triangle lay alongside the road leading to the other separate blocks. Hence I was able to watch and see the prisoners that passed to and fro. In fact there was constant traffic along the road. Communication with the prisoners was therefore easy. Sometime after the flogging incident, we were removed to the European yard. The cells were better ventilated and more roomy. There was a pleasant garden in front. But we were more secluded and cut off from all contact with the prisoners whom we used to see whilst we were in the "separate." I did not mind it. On the contrary, the greater seclusion gave me more time for contemplation and study. And the "wireless" remained intact. It was impossible to prevent it so long as it was necessary for a single other prisoner or official to see us. In spite of effort to the contrary, some one of them will drop a remark resulting in our knowing the happenings in the jail. So one fine morning, we heard that several Mulshi Peta prisoners were flogged for short task and that as a protest against the punishment many other Mulshi Peta prisoners had commenced a hunger-strike. Two of those were well known to me. One was Dev, and the other Dastane. Mr. Dev had worked with me in Champaran, and had proved one of the most conscientious, sober and honest among the co-workers, whom I had the privilege of having in Champaran. Mr. Dastane of Bhusaval is known to everybody. The reader may therefore imagine my pain when I heard that Dev was among the party flogged and that he was also one of the hunger-strikers. Messrs. Indulal Yagnik and Mansar Ali Sokta were at this time my fellow prisoners. They were agitated equally with me. Their first thought was to declare a sympathetic hunger strike. We discussed the propriety of such strike and

came to the conclusion that it would be wrong to do so. We were neither morally nor in any other way responsible for the floggings or the subsequent hunger strike. As Satyagrahis we were to be prepared for and to suffer cheerfully the rigors of jail life and even injustices including flogging. Such hunger-strike, therefore, with a view to prevent future punishment would be a species of violence done to the jail officials. Moreover, we had no right to sit in judgment upon the action of the authorities. That would be an end to all prison discipline. And even if we wished to judge the authorities, we had not and could not get sufficient data to warrant an impartial judgment. If the fast was to be out of sympathy with the hunger-strikers, we had no data to enable us to judge whether their action was justified or not. Any one of these grounds was sufficient to show that the proposed fast would be wholly premature. But I suggested to my friends that I should try to find out the true facts through the Superintendent, and endeavor as before to get into touch with the hunger-strikers. I felt that we as human beings could not possibly remain uninterested in such matters although we were prisoners, and that under certain circumstances even a prisoner was entitled to claim a hearing in the matter of general jail administration when it was likely to result in the perpetration of gross injustice bordering on inhumanity. So we all decided that I should approach the authorities in the matter. There was a great deal of correspondence and negotiation, which being of a confidential nature, I do not wish to publish. I can however say that the Government recognized that I had no desire to interfere with the prison administration and that my proposal to be permitted to see the two leaders among the hunger-strikers was dictated by purely humanitarian motives. They therefore permitted me to see Messrs. Dastane and Dev in the presence of the Superintendent and Mr. Griffiths, the Inspector-General of Police. It was to me a rare pleasure and a matter of pride to see these two friends walking unaided and with a steady step after full thirteen days unbroken fast. They were as cheerful as they were brave. I could see that they were terribly reduced in body, but their spirit had waxed strong in exact proportion to the reduction of the body. As I hugged them and greeted them with the question "Are you nearly dead?" they rang out, "Certainly not," and Dastane added, "We are able to prolong the fast indefinitely, if need be, for we are in the right." "But if you are in the wrong," I asked. "We shall then like men admit our mistake and abandon the fast," was the reply. By their brightness they made me forget that they were suffering from pangs of hunger. I wish I had leisure to reproduce the whole of the ethical discourse we held. Their ground for fasting was that the punishment inflicted by the Superintendent was unjust and that therefore, unless the Superintendent admitted his mistake and apologized, they must go on with the fast. I pleaded that this was not a correct attitude. While I was discussing the moral basis of their action the superintendent voluntarily and out of his usual good nature intervened and said, "I tell you, if I felt that I had done wrong I should surely apologize. I know that I do make mistakes. We all do. I may have erred even in this case, but I am not conscious of it." I continued my pleading. I told my friends that it was improper to expect an apology from the Superintendent unless he could be convinced that he was wrong. Their fast could carry no conviction to him of the wrongness of the punishment. Such conviction could be brought about only by reasoning. And in any case as Satyagrahis who were out for suffering how could they fast against injustices whether done to them or their co-prisoners. My friends appreciated the force of my argument and Major Jones's generous statement did the rest. They agreed to break the fast and to persuade the others to do likewise. I asked for the Major's permission to give them a portion of my milk which he readily granted. They accepted the milk but said they would first take their bath and then take the milk in the company of the other hunger-strikers. The Major ordered milk and fruit diet for the strikers during the period of recuperation. A hearty handshake between us all terminated the meeting. For the moment the officials were not officials and we were not prisoners. We were all friends engaged in solving a knotty problem and glad that it was solved. Thus ended this eventful hunger-strike. The Major admitted that this was the cleanest hunger-strike he had witnessed. He had taken extraordinary precautions to see that no food was passed to the prisoners surreptitiously and he was satisfied that none was passed. Had he known the stuff of which these strikers were made, he need not have taken any precaution at all.

One permanent result of the incident was that the Government passed orders that except in cases of the gravest provocation and insult offered to the officials, flogging should not be administered without the previous sanction of the superior authority. The precaution was undoubtedly necessary. While in some matters widest discretion must be given to the Superintendents of Jails, in matters such as punishments which cannot be recalled, the wisest of Superintendents must be subject to salutary checks.

There can be no doubt that the hunger-strike of Messrs. Dastane and Dev and the other Satyagrahis produced startling results of a beneficial character. For the motive though mistaken was excellent and the action itself purely innocent. But though the result attained was good, the fast must be condemned. The good result was not a direct result of the fast but of repentance and admission of mistaken motive and consequent abandonment of the fast. Fasting by a Satyagrahi can only be justified when it is a shame to eat and live. Thus still confining my attention to a prisoner's conduct it would be a shame to eat and live if I was deprived of religious liberty or degraded as a human being as when food is thrown at me instead of being given to me in a courteous manner. It should be unnecessary to say that religious objection should be really so and discourtesy should be such as would be felt by an ordinary prisoner. The caution is necessary because a religious necessity is often pretended merely in order to embarrass, and discourtesy is often felt where none is meant. I may not insist on keeping or bringing the Bhagavad Gita for the purpose of stealing in prohibited correspondence. I may not resent as discourtesy the ordinary search which every prisoner must undergo. In Satyagraha there is no room for shams. But I would have been bound to fast, say, if the Government had not given me the opportunity of seeing the hunger-strikers merely with a view to understand their viewpoint and dissuade them from their error, if I found them to be erring. I could not afford to eat to live, when I knew that it was possible to pre-

vent starvation if my keepers recognized the ordinary rules of humanity.

"But," say some friends, "why should you draw these fine distinctions? Why should we not embarrass the jail officials as we embarrass officials outside? Why should we co-operate as you co-operated with the jail authorities? Why should we not non-violently resist them? Why should we obey any regulations at all save for our own convenience? Have we not a perfect right, is it not our duty to paralyze the prison administration? If we make the officials' position uncomfortable without using any violence, the Government will find it difficult to arrest a large number and will thus be obliged to sue for peace." This argument has been seriously advanced. I must therefore devote the next chapter to its consideration.

Young India. —*Mahatma Gandhi.*

Orioles at Arcady

The strangest June has passed with scarce a hint of summer, as far as temperature is concerned. There have been many days of wind and rain, and great banks of rolling clouds, from morning to night, obscured the sky. Oddly enough, the foliage was never so green nor so profuse. The wild flowers, though late, were lovely. The birds came, sang, mated, built their nests and raised their young, but they, perhaps, missed the warmth. For weeks their merry music was seldom heard while they were busy with their nests, but now, everywhere is the chirp of the young birds. Even to the door-step the parent birds bring their young.

Whether the oranges, hung out for the orioles to feed upon, were the attraction or whether, after all these years, the shy creatures have decided to accept us as friends, I cannot say, but this year we found five orioles' nests within a stone's throw of the cottage. Indeed one nest is in a tall, slender maple, only twenty feet from our door. So clever were they in building that we never saw the nests until they were quite complete, although they sang to us occasionally from the apple trees and feasted upon our oranges. I waited impatiently for the time when the eggs would be hatched. Suddenly the birds' demeanor changed. They became active and made frequent visits to the nest. What had happened?

I took my bird glasses and decided to watch a nest. It was about six feet from the top of a maple, perhaps thirty feet from the ground, and seemed to be attached to the trunk and two adjacent branches; pouch-like and covered with grey grasses or lichens, exactly the color of the bark; from a distance looking somewhat like a snake-skin bag. I watched closely; there was not a sign of life about it. Soon came the clear whistle of an oriole, "Wait a minute—Wait a minute—Here I come," a gleam of orange and black and the cock bird flew to a tall oak close by—a gorgeous picture against the dark background. Here he looked gravely about and again whistled, "Here I come." A whirr of wings and then began the struggle of the young birds. Through the semi-transparent nest, I could see their movements; four heads emerged, mouths open. Only a few seconds the parent bird spent feeding them and then they settled quietly back into the nest. Not a movement, not a quiver—one would have thought the nest absolutely empty—until the operation was repeated. Later I watched the nest from the opposite side. There was a bit of an opening through which one little bird had thrust its yellow throat and beak. It remained motionless, as if it were dead but, in response to the well-known whistle, the little mouth opened widely. Three other mouths appeared. All were fed and settled back into the nest—all except the one whose head protruded from the nest; it remained in the same position, and as quiet as ever. Most of the feeding seemed to be done by the father bird. The mother sat quietly hidden amid the leaves of a near-by tree, chirping softly. Did she think her work was done, having laid the eggs and sat upon them weary days and nights, and was she now enjoying her well-earned rest? I thought she was gloating softly over her mate and muttering, "I've done it, I've done it—Now you work." When a cheeky sparrow dared invade her tree, she rushed upon it and speedily sent Mr. Sparrow about his business. How I wished I might see the little ones leave their nests but, though I watched very carefully in other years, the birds all left their nests while I slept or while my back was turned.

Some days later, I looked again towards the maple. About two feet below the nest, in the crotch of a branch, I saw a fleck of gold. "A leaf turned yellow," I thought, and raised my glasses. Imagine my surprise, my delight! It was a nestling—a fluffy golden one with a black head. How timid and puzzled he appeared, snuggled down in this sheltered spot! Then a soft chirping and twittering and I looked at the nest above; three little heads leaning over the edge. The father's call and three little bodies lifted into sight. The parent fed them and they ate greedily, but never a look did he give the poor little bird on the branch. This was repeated many times, alternating with louder and louder chirpings from the young birds. The one on the branch began to explore; evidently, it had decided that it must find its food or starve. A timid peck at a leaf, then it hopped along the branch an inch or two at a time and, suddenly, hearing the father's whistle, made a desperate flutter and landed a few inches from the nest. The parent bird did not like this and, before feeding the other three, flew close to the timid fledgling and nearly dislodged it. The other birds became so interested that they stood on the top of the nest. I could see them quite plainly, their lovely coloring of yellow and black. Two seemed to be male birds and two female.

Toward evening I heard soft murmurings not far away; the first nestling had left the maple, and the cock was still feeding the remaining ones, who stood greedily upon the edges of the nest, with fluttering wings and wide open mouths. "Ah," I thought, "they, too, will leave the nests before I return."

Happily, two were still in the nest the next morning. Such excitement! Incessant chirping with, now and then, a timid little trill. When the father bird arrived, he alighted on a twig a few inches away, stretched his neck toward the nest and offered an insect as if to say: "It's delicious but, if you want it you must come for it." And one nestling did come for it; out of the nest it hopped and, with a flutter of wings, alighted close beside the parent bird. The other only ventured to hop to the nearest twig where it waited—but not a morsel did it get. The cock flew off indifferently, as the timid bird tumbled back into the nest. The braver

little fellow looked about, fluttered into a higher branch and, with a desperate effort, flew off to an oak and, becoming adventurous, to another and another. The cock flew back and forth as if he were delighted with his progeny's exploits, feeding the little fellow frequently, and seemed to forget to offer anything to the one in the nest. Soon the more venturesome one took a long flight back to the maple, rested a moment and flew out of sight. Later on I found him flitting in and out of rose-bushes laden with pink blossoms.

Returning with my glasses to the nest, I found it empty and, not a stone's throw from me, the two young orioles hopping about the lawn. What fascinating creatures they were; their breasts quite golden and so downy; their bodies so plump; their wings rusty black lightly marked with white, with scarce a tail at all. By a series of hops and flutterings they finally reached a clump of shrubbery, close to a catbird's nest. What a racket! What a clamor! Mistress catbird did not intend to have her nest disturbed. The excitement continued and a robin came to add to it, when the catbird transferred her attack to the robin. Here was a more formidable enemy and the orioles were left in peace and they snuggled, on a high branch—too frightened to move, but still keeping up their "tweet-tweet-tweet." Hours later they were out on the lawn, just below the porch where I could watch them closely. With a valiant attempt one landed in the lowest branch of the apple tree, and gradually worked its way up, while the other hopped about the lawn beneath. A call from the tree, "Come on up," seemed to be answered by "Well, I'll try," Then the little fellow bravely tried to climb the tree—up the trunk a few inches he hopped, then a few more, and slid half way back—a few more attempts and he gave up in despair — fluttered back to the ground. Then I listened to a spirited dialogue: "Come on up!" "No, I can't." "Come on up." "No, I can't." "Oh, do come up." "Indeed, I can't." The braver bird flew into another tree and yet another, while the timid one hopped about the grass beneath each tree. The young orioles' twittering was changing rapidly; from three notes at first, to four, to five and then to six it had progressed. Surely these little ones will learn their songs early! From a locust tree at the corner of the porch one called: "Come along up," and the other fluttered into the wild garden just below, into the tangle of vines and flowers, and I feared it would get caught. Evidently the father bird had the same fear, for he came and sat on the fence close by with a very worried air. One jump landed the little fellow on a bush, another on the grape vine growing on the fence. "Now," I thought, "he will reach the locust tree," for the branches almost touched the fence. But, as I looked, he toppled over and hung head down, his foot having caught in the tendrils. It was the work of but a moment for me to extricate him, while the father stood there and scolded and chattered. As soon as he was free, he fluttered over the fence into the tall grass where his companion (perhaps in sympathy for his misery) joined him. They were completely hidden from me then, and their chirping grew more and more distant, but I had a fair idea of their location, because occasionally a yellow hammer or a blue jay dropped down into the grass or perched upon a branch above, and the parent orioles darted at it with sharp cries and drove the intruder away.

On a tall limb of a cotton-wood tree, hanging far over the lake, was another oriole nest (how brave to build in this perilous place!). Two were in oak trees and another in a drooping branch of a maple overhanging the drive, and not more than ten feet from the ground. I watched them all at feeding time and hoped to see them leave their nests, but this was not to be. One by one we found the nests empty, but the trees were full of the soft twittering of young orioles.

For a few days I saw no more young orioles although they could be heard now and then. The parent birds visited the orange baskets only occasionally, and we rarely heard their whistle. Could they be leaving us so early I wondered, and grieved at their possible departure. But, one day their merry whistle floated up from the shore. The cock came timidly to the apple tree, pecked at the orange baskets and flew over to the locust tree. Another whistle and the mother bird, with two young ones, joined him. What a change had taken place! The fluffy golden nest feathers of the young birds had disappeared. Their coats were now warm brown with gleams of gold and, here and there, a wing feather showing white. They had quite respectable tails and were almost as large as the older birds. The father bird brought the young down to the orange basket, while the mother watched from the treetop. They perched, one on each side, and daintily pecked first at the rind, and then at the pulp of the orange. They apparently found it delicious, and soon one of the birds crowded the other off the orange, so suddenly that it fell headlong, but regained its balance on a lower branch. Nothing daunted, it returned to the attack, but the greedy one nestled down into the orange like a brooding hen and wouldn't allow the other so much as a peck. Meantime, the parents had left, and the poor mistreated youngster soon followed, although there were two other orange baskets hanging on the same tree from which it might have eaten. The greedy one was left to enjoy his feast alone and how he did enjoy it! For a half hour he swung there, and ate his fill. Never before had I seen an oriole remain more than three minutes on an orange. Perhaps the young will be less timid and give us more of their society than their elders have done. Already they are making a soft attempt to whistle.

H. S. N.

IN DARKNESS

I will be still;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward cry;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfil,
I will be still.

For, oh, I know,
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe!

Yes, something won,—
The harvest of our tears,—
Something unfading, plucked from fading years;
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From sorrow won.

The agony
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane!

"Harper's Magazine." —*Florence Earle Coates.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Last But Not Least

It seems incredible that the trial of Algernon Sidney Crapsey for heresy took place as long as eighteen years ago. So much has intervened since that time—the war and all the break-up of our ordered world!—and yet the trial stands distinct in our memory as though it occurred but yesterday. Here is the record,* however, written by the victim, or rather hero, of the great event, and we discover that the trial began on April 18, 1906, and that the deposition was accomplished on December 5 of that same year.

Dr. Crapsey describes "the evening of the eighteenth of February, 1905," when he delivered the lecture which led to all his troubles, as "eventful in (his) own history and important to the history of the world." The theological storm which engulfed him he speaks of as "a contention that occupied the attention of the world for nearly two years." This is exaggeration, pardonable in the case of one whose destiny was determined during this period. But it is true all the same, as is demonstrated by the vitality of the story after the enormous decade of 1914-1924, that the controversy precipitated by Dr. Crapsey's utterance, and the resulting trial and conviction, were events of central importance in the religious world of their time. It was an old, old story—Algernon S. Crapsey was "the last" of a long line whose spirit and fate are fittingly symbolized by the imprint of Savonarola on the cover of his book. But never was the essential tragedy, and also irony, of the history of heresy more vividly portrayed than in this modern instance.

Here, on the one side, was one of the most enlightened of the Christian churches—a sect conspicuous for scholarship and, on occasion, for large intellectual and spiritual freedom. Here, on the other side, was an individual priest famous among his fellows for piety, zeal, and self-forgetting service of mankind. As "a deacon of sorts" and later a "priest officiating" at St. Paul's Chapel in Trinity Parish, New York, a young man just out of the Seminary, he had attracted the admiring attention not only of his rector but of his bishop for his utter surrender to the high calling of his Christian ministry. On the way to becoming "a senior assistant minister with a salary of ten thousand a year, with the possibility of the rectorship of the parish and a bishopric always in sight," he had quixotically "ruined (his) professional career" by resigning his "position as junior assistant minister of Trinity parish at a salary of four thousand dollars a year, paid the first of every month by check on the Chemical National Bank," and accepting "the rectorship of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, at a salary of fifteen hundred a year, which, when paid at all, was in the pennies of the collection." This church was a poor little affair, located in a working-class district, with a building that seated "about eighty people," and was only "half full." Preceding ministers had come and gone, for "the conditions seemed hopeless." But Dr. Crapsey had taken hold, and, in a ministry of twenty-eight years, made St. Andrew's one of the great institutions of Rochester. He had built a new and beautiful church on a corner which "became one of the liveliest corners in the city." He had gathered a great congregation, moved by his eloquence, inspired by his militant public leadership, touched by his personal piety and devotion. St. Andrew's pulpit became renowned for its kindling faith, St. Andrew's rectory for its unfailing charity. The rector was loved and adored not only in his parish but in the city at large as a kind of St. Francis whose hand and heart were open to every human being. In his own communion he became notable as a conductor of "retreats" and as a "missioner" whose work touched the deepest fountains of the religious life. And then this saintly man—the truest saint that the Episcopal church has produced in our time!—chanced one day, in a public lecture, to speak of "Jesus the son of Joseph . . . in all things physical like as we are, born as we are born"! These were forbidden words; they were in contradiction of the dogma of the Virgin Birth. What were prophetic passion, mystic vision, purity of heart, whole-hearted service of humankind, utter consecration to God's Kingdom on the earth, faith, hope, love, what were these, when set over against the letter of the creed? Nothing at all! They weighed as mere dust in the balances. The church was true to itself and, in a controversy which raged for nearly two years, drove this saint from its altars as it had driven other saints before him. We know of no more pathetic, as also, alas, no more familiar picture, than that of Dr. Crapsey's last Sunday in the church which he himself had made, when, a deposed priest, "he walked out of the church, down the middle aisle, in deathlike stillness, broken by the sobs of the people to whom he (had) ministered so long and faithfully." Yet it was the church not the priest which was stricken, as Dr. Crapsey clearly sees and nobly states. "The day I ceased to be a minister, I became one of the people, freed from all restraining vows; I was at liberty to speak my mind without fear or favor. I ceased to be a priest and became a prophet." *Abiit ad plures!*

It is this story of heresy which the heretic himself tells in this autobiographical volume with eloquence, matured insight, and no loss of dramatic effect. Dr. Crapsey has lived long enough after the event to view the scene objectively, and present it with the playwright's skill. It is not difficult to understand his early passion for the theater! The whole is a thrilling tale, an immortal chapter in the literature of martyrology, fittingly crowned and glorified by "the letter of renunciation" which Dr. Crapsey wrote his bishop after the conviction, and which is here printed in full. We count this volume a priceless treasure if only because it contains and thus preserves this sublime document. Dr. Crapsey may not be "the last of the heretics"—that remains to be seen! But he is assuredly not the least.

It is probable that most of the readers of this book will turn to it for the sake of the later chapters. If they begin their reading with this account of the trial and its consequences, we beg them not to end it there, for we have seldom read more delightful autobiography than that set down in the first half of the volume. Here is an amazingly vivid picture of the pioneer days of midwestern America. Born in 1847, in Hamilton County, Ohio, young Crapsey knew the forests and streams—watched "the emigrants making their way to the Golden West, . . . (with) their long wagons, covered with canvas, drawn by teams of horses or oxen"—did his chore of work in the stores and at the salt wells—fought as a lad of fourteen in the Civil War, till sent home to die—wandered to New York to seek his fortune—then, little by little, in mingled design

*"The Last of the Heretics," by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.50.

and accident, found his way to college, to the General Theological Seminary, and finally to the priesthood of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Altogether apart from his later experiences as a saint and heretic, Dr. Crapsey had a fascinating story to tell of his early years. We are glad of the trial, if only because it served to make public this record of boyhood and youth in the pioneer West, and of manhood in the great city.

In a book which has so held our interest and stirred our emotions, we find it an ungracious task to find faults. Nor are many to be found, and of these only one seems to us important. But this one *is* important, and must therefore be mentioned. We refer to the author's statement (page 253) that he "was the very first man in the English-speaking world so to apply in public the Higher Criticism"—i. e., "to the first chapters of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke." Here Dr. Crapsey's enthusiasm and dedication have blinded him a bit. His public application of the principles of the Higher Criticism to the New Testament narratives occurred in 1905. Years before this Minot J. Savage was doing this in Boston, and John White Chadwick in New York. Indeed, was not Dr. Crapsey's own colleague in Rochester, William Channing Gannett, doing it in his Unitarian church? And what about Theodore Parker way back in the '40s and the '50s? It may be that Dr. Crapsey was "the very first man" to take this step in his own communion, or even in orthodox Protestantism. But even here we have our doubts. Who can tell us about Heber Newton, for example?

But this is trifling—only to be corrected for the sake of the record, and in justice to the Unitarians and other liberals who have fought the good fight for truth, lo, these many years. What is essential is the heroic story, the sanctity of the man who tells it, the high spirit of faith and courage and sweet content which breathes in and through it as an atmosphere. Those who read this book will understand why all who know Dr. Crapsey not only admire him profoundly but love him dearly. They will also realize something of the nature of true religion—how humanism must always be the foundation of theism, how the love of man must always precede the love of God. If ever we have read a testimony that God can be found of men, it is this autobiography of Dr. Crapsey. And he has found him because he has all his life long loved his fellow-men in truth and uprightness. What wonder that he is ending his days, like many another saint and heretic before him, in peace!

Now am I come to the uttermost marge of the shores of time. Standing on its sands, looking out over the ocean of Eternity, the waters of which are cold on my feet, I am watching the Sun go down. I am content.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

Editor of UNITY:

You refer in your issue of July 10 to the warning given by some agent of the Department of Justice to the Secretary of the Association to Abolish War against the circulation of the "Sermon on the Mount" in war time. The incident occurred in the summer, when our Executive Committee was scattered. The warning was oral and we never knew who the agent was. I am not sure that Dr. Willard A. Paul, who had proposed the publication and offered to pay for it, heard of the objection against it at once. It had not been printed. It has always seemed to me unfortunate that we could not have had a meeting of our Committee, and secured some official statement in black and white as to the authority upon which the publication of the most characteristic teaching of the New Testament was forbidden. Moreover, if the war administration had gone so far as this to suppress the promulgation of practical religion, I think it would have been our duty to go forward and bring this issue to the Federal Courts. We could easily have shown that we were working for the general welfare of the nation, not merely in the period of the war, but for all time, inasmuch as our teachings were destined inevitably to put an end to all war and to bind all nations in the permanent bonds of good will and mutual service. I have never ceased to regret the untoward circumstances which somehow combined to prevent our Association from taking this action.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

South West Harbor, Me., July 24, 1924.

THE CASE OF THE CHURCHES

Editor of UNITY:

Some of us are glad that you said a good word for the churches in the second editorial of the issue, June 26; for we feel that your editorial columns have been on the whole unjust to the churches. Many may be poorly attended, but we may venture the opinion that it is not the fault of the most of the many. The lack of cultural interests of the masses of the people is the barren background of the state of the churches.

A recent incident may furnish "food for reflection." The president of a university was announced to speak in one of our towns on "Opportunities and Responsibilities." It was to be in the main hall of the village and under the auspices of the Community club, a ladies' organization. It was a free lecture for "gentlemen's night." It was announced in the local paper the week before, from the pulpits of churches the Sunday before, besides on a bulletin board near the entrance of the post office, and there were only five men present including two ministers. The audience numbered about thirty, some of the leading ladies of the place preferring to play cards that evening!

Should there be any wonder at small attendance at church in the town, which is doubtless not unlike very many others throughout the land? People are not sufficiently interested in the vital themes which the pulpit presents. They are not reading the meritorious books; they are not thinking largely along the lines of the social good, or the possible better, or the available best. Naturally the church is neglected by them.

A paragraph of Dr. I. M. Atwood, father of the present dean of St. Lawrence university, is recalled, in which he said: "Among the sad wastes of civilization is this—the people who use church privileges least are the people who need them most." Continuing, "There is no substitute for the hour and the house of prayer. It is not only a blessed refreshment of the spirit, it is a school of deportment, a regular process of refinement in manners, feeling, taste, a stimulant to intelligence, a support to the common virtues of cleanliness, decency, sobriety, economy, industry, benevolence. While this ample means of human improvement exists in every place, its benefits are availed of mostly by those who have learned to love the church and who have in their own persons the witness of its vast value."

July 1, 1924. CHARLES C. CONNER.

FROM A PLEASED SUBSCRIBER

Editor of UNITY:

I think the June number of UNITY is perfectly splendid. I agree with their adjective "magnificent" in relation to Borah. All of the progressive things brought before Congress have come through him. The article on Bishop Brown also is fine and the open letter to the War Department of the United States is to the point. I think it would be fine if some of the newspapers would copy it. . . "Goose-step Day" is a wonderful name for Mobilization Day. The article on Outlawing War is also very fine.

I think so well of UNITY that I have sent the publishers $5.00 to send out copies to certain individuals and am getting six more copies myself for distribution.

Rye, N. Y. JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

GOOSE-STEP DAY.

Resolutions of Protest.

(1) By the Philadelphia Federation of Churches:

The Christian churches of the nation are engaged in an earnest campaign to destroy the War System, believing that it is

1. Contrary to the spirit and method of Christ.

2. So destructive of material treasure, of human life and of moral and spiritual values as to be nearly if not quite suicidal.

3. Unnecessary and often futile as a method of settling disputes between nations.

Furthermore, these churches are eager that our nation shall exert its great power of leadership in an attempt to secure the outlawry of war and the establishment of world co-operation,—a quest which we believe will be successful if pursued with singleness of purpose.

At this juncture the War Department issues a call for a National Mobilization Day on September 12th, the date of the retirement of General Pershing.

Our reaction to this appeal awakens in our minds

1. A question as to whether there is even yet in our nation a realization of the frightful havoc that would be wrought by another war,—the undoubted slaughter of millions of our very finest young men and millions more of non-combatants, including women and children.

2. A fear that this observance, which is a preparation for war, will be viewed by other nations as a threatening gesture and another evidence that our protestations of world friendliness have little foundation in fact.

3. We feel that such a focussing of the entire nation on the thought of war preparation would so divert the thoughts of men from the sacred purpose we have at heart as to neutralize our efforts for peace, and at this time when as Secretary Hughes remarked in a recent speech, our nation is in no danger of attack from any enemy, the project seems to us ill-advised.

4. Further we cannot but note that in this appeal there is adherence to the old war system; it is an attempt to commit the whole nation to the policy of militarism which is antagonistic to the faith and prayerful spirit now animating the churches.

Therefore, with deep regret, since we deplore the necessity of taking a stand contrary to the expressed desire of any department of our government, and yet with the deep conviction of the righteousness and high patriotism of our position, we, the members of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches by a vote taken at our regular meeting on June 17th (the significance of the date in our nation's history but adds to our feeling that we are true to the inheritance received from our forefathers) hereby declare that we view this proposed Mobilization Day with grave concern, convinced that it is a serious mistake and a menace to the peace on earth we hope to establish; and with all respect we call on the War Department to withdraw this appeal to the nation.

We wish to assert however that this action is not to be taken as evidence of any lack of appreciation of the service rendered by General Pershing; we honor him as a man and a patriot, and we shall be glad to join in an expression of gratitude to him and to the men whom he led in that war which it was hoped would be and which we pray was indeed "the war to end war."

(2) By the Methodist Episcopal Ministers of Pittsburgh, Pa.:

WHEREAS, The War Department of the United States has designated September 12 as mobilization day, at which time the military forces of the nation are to be displayed, its Regular Army and National Guard recruited to fighting strength, its war resources demonstrated and its industries tested for immediate availability in the production of war materials; and,

WHEREAS, We believe the results of this demonstration will be to deepen the impression of the inevitableness of war and the necessity of preparation therefor, to arouse the militaristic spirit of nation, and to impress other nations with our readiness for conflict; and,

WHEREAS, the Church of Jesus Christ has dedicated itself to the cultivation of friendliness and good will throughout the world, and to the elimination of fear, competition in armaments and narrow nationalism, which make the nations depend upon military strength as the basis of their safety; and,

WHEREAS, The Methodist Episcopal Church in particular has by the unanimous vote of the General Assembly voiced its determination to outlaw the whole war system, and to use its entire energy to create the will for peace and the conditions for peace. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Pittsburgh Methodist preachers' meeting, do hereby solemnly assert that we find in this proposed action of the government an unnecessary and unwarranted move to develop the will for war and the conditions for war; and that we, with deep conviction, urge the President of the United States and the Department of War to postpone indefinitely the plans for mobilization day.

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THE WAR AGAINST WAR.

I.

The twenty-third annual Evangelical Lutheran Synod of New York and New England has adopted the following declaration for the banishment of war:

"That pastors and laymen continue in earnest prayer that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty, availing themselves of every opportunity to create sentiment and secure action in behalf of friendship and universal peace.

"That we believe that the United States should enter a permanent Court of International Justice.

"That we petition the United Lutheran Church at its coming convention at Chicago in October to use its Committee on Social and Moral Welfare, its Board of Education, its Church School and Parish Board and other agencies to create a better understanding of the consequences of war and to indicate the methods whereby peace may be maintained.

"That we petition the United Lutheran Church at its convention in Chicago in October to declare in favor of a Permanent International Court of Justice, and that we instruct the delegates from this Synod to use their influence to this end.

"That we petition the United Lutheran Church to recommend to the next Lutheran World Conference to adopt a program of education and action so that the 80,000,000 Lutherans throughout the world may be united and led in a campaign against war.

"That we recommend to the United Lutheran Church to consider the advisability of co-operating with other church bodies in a world-wide and determined endeavor to banish war and substitute peaceful means of settling international controversies.

"That this Synod appoint a standing committee on Social and Moral Welfare."

II.

The sixty-fifth annual Convention of the Lutheran Augustana Synod has passed resolutions calling for the Outlawry of War. The Chicago *Tribune*, in its issue for June 18th, reports these resolutions as follows:

"After setting forth that Scandinavian Lutherans have always been champions

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of liberty, the resolutions assert that there is no issue 'sacred enough to warrant clash of arms between brothers and a return to the barbarism of human sacrifices.'

"The slogan of 'war to end war,' the resolutions assert, is a 'stupendous falsehood,' and 'the overwhelming evidence before the world today is that it makes a few men in each nation enormously rich, while it thrusts untold millions into utter wretchedness.'

"To 'Demilitarize' Public Opinion

"'Be it therefore resolved,' the resolution continues, 'That we call on all who believe in the Savior of mankind to unite their prayers and efforts to win the world for God and his Christ, to the end that the governments of the world shall submit to the power and authority of the Prince of Peace.

"'That we call on the constituted authority of our country to use all just means and to support all united efforts to outlaw war and to establish peace and brotherhood among all nations.

"'That we pledge ourselves to wage relentless combat against all sinister influences which tend to incite nation against nation, and to use every effort to demilitarize public opinion and to teach men to think in terms of peace.'"

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